

University of Alaska Southeast

The Whalesong

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Pot's Legal!! Is it a Myth?

By Evelyn Cushing
Whalesong Staff

Has our state somehow pulled a fast one on us? Has a shade been drawn over our eyes so skillfully that we are unsure of our own laws? Perhaps so. The truth of the law is that your right to smoke marijuana is completely protected under our very own precious Alaskan Constitution. This may be old news to the extremely well-informed, but the general population of Alaska is apparently clueless. The confusion began when back 1990 Alaskans voted in an initiative criminalizing marijuana, but here's the quick list of facts:

- 1972 – Alaska voters pass a constitutional amendment recognizing a right to privacy. (86 percent to 14 percent)
- 1975 – Alaska State Supreme Court unanimously rules, "This right to privacy would encompass the possession and ingestion of substances such as marijuana in a purely personal, non commercial context in the home..." (Ravin vs. State)
- 1990 – Alaska voters pass an initiative to criminalize marijuana. (54%percent-46 percent)
- 1993 – Alaska Supreme Court rules, "the initiative was inadequate to overrule Ravin and that case remains law."



The Supreme Court ruling that first determined marijuana to be legal was based on a court case brought by Irwin Ravin charged with possession. Ravin's two main arguing points were that "there is no legitimate state interest in prohibiting possession of marijuana by adults for personal use, in view of the right to privacy and secondly, that the statutory classification of marijuana as a dangerous drug, while use of alcohol and tobacco is not prohibited, denies him due process and equal protection of law."

Because of this case there is a constitutional clause through our right of privacy that protects us against prosecution for use of marijuana. That makes the criminalizing initiative completely unconstitutional, as confirmed later by the Alaska Supreme Court. The only way to overrule Ravin would be to make

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V-Day gets support from UAS

By Sean Smith
Whalesong Staff

The mission: It demands that the violence must end. It proclaims that Valentine's day as V-Day until the violence stops. When all women live in safety, no longer fearing violence or the threat of violence, V-Day will be known as Victory Over Violence Day. After 800 showings around the word, and over \$14 million raised, the V-Day production comes to Juneau for a one-time showing on Feb. 16. If you happen to make it to the benefit production of *The Vagina Monologues*, keep an eye out for some of UAS's very own students performing original pieces that they created in workshops that the students took part in on Feb. 6 and 7.

The men and women's workshops were an hour and a half each. Students worked in groups to come up with a couple original works of creative writing about the theme of the upcoming benefit production, "What does our community look like without violence against women and children?" The students decided on one of the writings, which was a series of poems and skits, to be performed at the end of *The Vagina Monologues*.

"I thought they (the workshops) were great," said co-leader of the workshops and director of *The Vagina Monologues*, Anita Maynard-Losh. "It is great to have community members involved in the production."

This will be a recurring theme of all the benefit productions that take place in the next few weeks. Community members in Bethel, Dillingham, Sitka and either Barrow or Kodiak will have a chance to get involved with the showing that will benefit the local charities in the communities.

Everyone was excited about getting involved in stopping violence against women in Alaska, where we suffer from the one and a half times the murder rate against women compared to the rest of the US.



Eve Ensler writer of *The Vagina Monologues*

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EDITORIAL & OPINION

The Whalesong

The student voice
of UAS

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The University of Alaska Southeast student newspaper, *The Whalesong*, is a free bi-monthly publication with a circulation of 1000 copies per issue. The Whalesong's primary audience includes students, faculty, staff, and community members.

The Whalesong will strive to inform and entertain its readers, analyze and provide commentary on the news, and serve as a public forum for the free exchange of ideas.

The staff of *The Whalesong* values freedom of expression and encourages reader response. *The Whalesong* editorial staff assumes no responsibility for the content of material. The views and opinions contained in this paper in no way represent the University of Alaska, and reflect only those of the author(s).

Change is everywhere

By Vita Wilson
Whalesong Editor

Change, so they say, is the only constant. Even those who resist change still must face it in some way, usually to their detriment. I say that change often comes when you least expect it, and when you most need it.

Take for example, my life. No, just kidding! Take, for example, the past month. Spring semester began, I was taking a full load of classes that I wasn't terribly excited about, wondering how could I get out of Juneau for a bit this spring, and I was flat broke and working my butt off to put this newspaper out for your enjoyment. In a matter of a few days, I had not one, but *two* jobs, which allow me to attend school just part-time. I had the sudden opportunity to travel to California for a week to help out a close friend, and the free airfare, room and board sure is nice. I was given the chance to be Whalesong editor and work with another awesome all-female production staff. Change, the only thing one can count on, rescued me again. I'm still flat broke, but that, I'm almost certain, will change soon!



I should take this opportunity to introduce the spring 2003 Whalesong staff, though we'll keep you waiting for a staff photo. You all saw Michael Johnson standing in front of the Taj Mahal in the last issue. He's a wonderful satirist, as proven by his article on this page. Veteran staff writers Montgomery Mahaffey, Benjamin Nestler and Sean Smith (also one of our new student senators; see page 6) bring their expertise to our group. Joshua Edward will keep you up-to-date on the latest music, entertainment and cultural events going on around Juneau, and Evelyn Cushing,

originally a staff writer, has joined our staff as a very competent production manager. Virginie Duverger remains the most persuasive ad manager the Whalesong has ever seen. Rounding out our group are regular contributors Kaci Hamilton and Jenni Hotch-Hill, among others.

Oh, boy! Oh, wow! Ai yai yai! My two-year-old daughter would say. "Ai yai yai indeed." It's a lot of changes to deal with over just a couple weeks, but remember, change is growth. And growth, for the most part, is good. It's how we adapt to circumstances. Stand in the mud with your Xtra Tuffs on too long, and a nasty mold is likely to develop on your feet. It's time to make a change or two!

Be Different: Buy Gap

By Michael Johnson
Whalesong Staff

When was the last time your philosophy class was torrentially tormented? How often do you break fresh trail through the snowy-wet woods just to make it to school? Or are faced with the occasional flashflood that submerges the Soboleff Building?

At this point, oh curious reader, I regret to inform you that if you answered 'yes' to any of my questions above, I insist that you read no further. In fact, if you think I just asked any 'yes' or 'no' questions at all, I recommend you discard this article and wade your way to a student counselor. Please.

Now that I have eliminated a good 86 percent of my audience, I must turn to the other 53 percent of you whom have no business wearing what is a stylistic sin: the XTRA TUF.

These rubber renegades are running the footwear fashion world at UAS, and with good reason: there's not a shoe that stands to oppose them.

I know reader, I know, I can hear you already, "But my foppish footwear is functional!" This I cannot deny. In all fairness, these belligerently brawny boots kick some serious commercial fishing tail. They're perfect for a non-maintained trail trek, too. But while your creative writing teacher may refer to your class as a stormy sea of students, one must ponder the possibility of metaphor before reaching for raingear.

What the hell does XTRA TUF stand for anyways, written in those suggestively acronymic block letters? Xenophobic Treehuggers Rally Against Tennies Under Foot?

Surely that must be it, because that is what's happened here in Juneau, where the term 'tennis shoes' only leads people to bring to mind these water-waders, tastefully colored in the two major forms of human excrement.

Bewildered, I set about questioning some of my TUF peers who choose to don such outlandish apparel. All the answers were nearly identical, "Because I don't care about fashion, I (and everyone else) am amazingly unique" blah, blah, blah... something like that.

Oh, my poor misled Juneauites, burning to breathe free, I have bad news for your soul: that air you inhale smells just like the sole of your neighbor. What's more, that air is likely unhealthily moldy and dank, as foot fungus cases run rampant in these impermeable eyesores. Impermeable, indeed. Though no *outside* water can penetrate these intolerant boots, no *inside* water, such as sweat, is allowed to escape either.

I must concede that such an outlandish item of apparel is difficult to label as 'trendy.' But I have no XTRA TUFs, and my feet somehow manage to stay dry while I go about my daily life. And comfort? Am I to believe that an eight pound pair of rubber galoshes is more comfortable my New Balances?

Students and staff, you leave me no choice: there is a secret superficial society afoot at UAS, where the largest trend seems to be centered round trying to avoid trends. Everyone here loathes fads, and it is this very fact that binds us.

My advice to the students at UAS is that, if you really want to be unique, if you truly wish to convey that you don't care what people think, log on to Gap.com and buy yourself a wardrobe that no one else here has.



Taking fashion a bit too far?!

Letters to the Editor

The Whalesong gladly accepts letters to the editor. Letters may not exceed 300 words, and may be edited for length, clarity, and grammar. Letters must be signed and include a means of contact for verification. Send your letters to 11120 Glacier Highway, Juneau, AK 99801, whalesong@uas.alaska.edu, by fax to (907) 465-6399, or bring them to Room 102, Mourant Bldg.

V-Day continued from page 1

"I wanted to do something because I have three daughters," said Edward Hotch about contributing to the presentation. "I not only want them, but all women to feel safe."

V-Day will be taking part in benefit productions of *The Vagina Monologues* in about 650 colleges and universities around the world. Violence towards women is a serious problem around the world, from young women in Africa where clitoris mutilation is common practice to women in the US where every 90 seconds a woman is being raped.

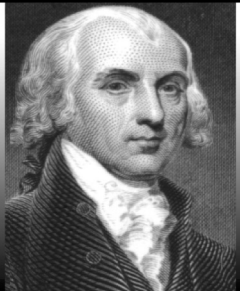
The problem is a large one, but a cause that you can get involved in by attending the one-time showing on Feb. 16 at 7 p.m. The show will run around \$20, but only \$8 for UAS students.

Doctor Love and Deb need *your* help!

The Whalesong has received several requests to bring back the "Doctor Love and Deb Auchery" column. We'd love to do so, but we need *your* input! Please drop off questions for Doctor Love and Deb in the Whalesong drop box, located at the bottom of the stairs in the Mourant Building.

Correction

IT Services has an update to its checkout policy. Two laptops are now available for checkout for general use by students. Cameras can now be checked out for the weekend, and projectors are only available for classroom use.



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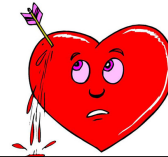
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FEATURES



Life In The Matrix

By Dixie Normus and Alotta Vogyna

For those of you who thought that the 1999 Action Sci-Fi Thriller starring Keanu Reeves, Carrie-Ann Moss and Laurence Fishburne was a great concoction of the imagination of the Wachowski Brothers, think again. Despite that I don't consume tasteless gruel, live in fear of having my humble abode detected by scary octopus-like creatures, or did not enter this fallacy of a life by virtue of the red pill, my existence is very real to me. I came to live in this alternate universe simply by moving to Juneau. I am not familiar with many other members of the Matrix, but I am sure they are out there somewhere.

What are the dastardly details of this alternate universe, you ask? I suffer the daily torments of the emotional roller-coaster designed by the Juneau boys. Simply put, a lack of lovin' from the Juneau male population! Let me tell you something boys, the rusty old love manual that you cling to so dearly and interpret as gospel...throw it out! When a girl conveys interest, even goes as far as to give you the digits, CALL HER! Repeat after me, CALL HER. Not only are you being extremely rude, but you are passing up on the opportunity to connect with the potential future mother of your children. Now I've been told that Juneau boys are afraid of their own shadow, and that the girls, particularly myself, intimidate them. Yowza, at least give us the opportunity to reject you. Now I know this sounds harsh, but trust me. I have seen numerous boys (counting more than the fingers on one hand) who I would gladly give my number to if they ever asked for it. Of course he'd have to introduce himself first, but that's just the preliminaries. You have to start somewhere. Let me give you a little history on some of the lackluster responses that have been received.

I met a certain young man named Conrad at a house party. He came in sorta late and was one of the few who didn't look like his brain cells had been dissolved by his own bodily fluids. Immediately, the "hot stuff" radars went up and all I could think was, "Who is *that*?" Apparently, this was same question being asked by several of the boys about me. I was paying them no attention. I was focused on Conrad. As the night waned, people drifted off to more interesting events (Squire's!) but I was still at the house party. So was Conrad. Conversation dallied over numerous topics until about 1:45 a.m., when we (those remaining) decided that the Valley Restaurant was exactly what the doctor ordered. To make a long night short, Conrad got more attractive by the minute and though we did not exchange digits (apparently he's immune to telekinesis), I just knew that the Saga of Conrad was not over.

Some time later (there are no calendars or clocks in the Matrix, thus a second and a year are the same thing), I encountered Conrad at Squire's. Nothing had changed. I managed to blatantly squeeze into the conversation the phrase, "Do you see anything that you like?" without the statement being laced with that god-awful soap-opera-ish desperation, but to no avail. Conrad had been slacking off in telepathy class and I could not figure out what was going on behind those beautiful hazel eyes. While all of this intellectual banter was talking place, Serena Williams was involved in a very heated match in the Australian Tennis Open. I alerted Conrad's friend, Daniel, that I simply adore the sport and he, being a player himself, slapped Conrad on the arm and said, "We should get together sometime for a game!" Wonderful, I could impress Conrad with my Wimbledon worthy skills and we would run off into the

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Be Your Own Valentine

By Montgomery Mahaffey
Whalesong Staff



Valentine's Day is almost upon us. What a holiday! The one day out of the year that pressures couples to recover that lovin' feelin', while the unattached feel inadequate without a special sweetie to share a tender Hallmark moment. Everyone has felt this way on February 14th at least once in a lifetime. If you're madly in the throes – lucky you! Have fun, but this editorial isn't for you.

I declare this article to be the Anti-Valentine. My mind is agreeably engaged in the memory of the night *he* came crashing down from his pedestal. Falling in wuv is a heady feeling, like drugs, because there's no basis in reality. In other words, the object of your desire likes you the way some people like their best friend's dog. But like a fool, you hold onto those moments you're treated with common courtesy as a ray of hope that *someday* when you have achieved perfection that the two shall become as one. Thanks to perverse reverse egotism, the object of your desires has reached a pinnacle of evolution so far above you and that is the only reason you are not chosen.

I've been there, baby, and it's absurd. My wuver went by the name of Heath and of course, I met him in college. He was so beautiful, my jaw dropped the first time I saw him. Tall, slender, with long curly hair and chiseled features, Heath looked like a poet. He was also soft-spoken, well-mannered, and kind enough to look interested in what I was saying whenever I babbled incessantly, which happened a lot. Eventually, I grew comfortable enough to engage in a coherent exchange of ideas and we became *friends*.

Looking back, Heath must have liked the ego massage more than my company, but since he had the subtlety and the sense to leave my dignity alone, I never caught on. To me, he was the Grand Poobah of Liberal American Manhood, and he could do no wrong. He ate vegan, he traveled on a shoestring, he swung on vines buck-nekkid in the jungle before hugging endangered trees.

I was a smoker. Need I say more?

During those post-college years, I saw him every so often on visits to Colorado, and a couple of times, he looked me up in Seattle. On one of those visits, I told him how I felt while he nodded and said he always knew that. But he was so gracious in his delivery that it didn't occur to me to take offense. He kept dating his milk-toast honeys and I moved onto other boyfriends, but Heath always remained my ideal of masculine perfection. By the time I saw him clearly, he resided on a pedestal six miles above my head.

A few Halloweens ago, I was in Heath's neck of the woods, so of course I looked him up. He invited me and a mutual friend to a party he was throwing with some good people. He said to come as our biggest fear, for that was the theme of the party. The party would close with a pagan circle in honor of Halloween. Heath was in a phase of exploring his spiritual options.

Since we were late, we missed Heath's costume as "Peaceman" because he feared ignorance. The midnight ceremony was about to begin and we were welcome to join or observe. Heath was the high priest, of course.

I watched the circle of nature-loving pagans sway, chant, and moan as Heath and the high priestess circled the circle and opened the doors to North, South, East, and West with their hiking sticks. I tried to keep an open mind, but I

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The Matrix continued from page 4

tennis-game-filled sunset together. No such luck. While meandering around the delightful Squire's, I noticed Conrad, Daniel and another friend, making a quick getaway. Not so fast, Mateys! I ran out the door, leaped across the gangplank and shouted, "Wait!" After all, they did not have my number, so however must we "get together for a game"? Conrad quickly entered my number into his cell phone, and I could hear the sweet sound of the riches from the love slot machine falling into my waiting palms. Once again, no such luck. The fallible technology of the Matrix blinded me. You see, Conrad was the woman in the red dress. He wasn't real. He was only a symbol of what I had given up to join the Matrix.

It has been three weeks since that Wet Wednesday at Squire's. Two voicemail messages, three million phone calls without-a-message-so-that-I-wouldn't-look-like-a-stalker later and I finally got Conrad on the phone. There was no apology. There was no reference to the fact that, not knowing his last name, I found out where he worked, left him a message as to when and where he could reach me, and he still could not return my calls. I may sound desperate, boys and girls, but what does a girl have to do to get some play around here? So do you want to know what the end result of finally getting Conrad on the phone was? He sounded distracted, so I said, "Are you busy? Do you want me to call you back?" His response? "Yeah, how about same time tomorrow?" I don't think so! That is it. Too much energy has gone into Conrad, when I could have languished it on Jim, Eric, Jason or the cute guy with the dog on campus several days ago.

So next week, will you hear of adventures where I am birthed from a gooey liquid-filled sac sprouting wires from my back into a world where Conrad is chasing *me*? You'll just have to wait and see.

**Mad-ness at the S.A.C!**

By Michael Johnson

Mad Chad lit up the stage Friday night at the S.A.C., providing one of the best comedy shows UAS students have ever seen. Before an enthusiastic crowd of approximately 100, Chad dazzled and mystified for a good hour-and-a-half, showcasing an unbelievable repertoire of coordination and gravity-defying juggling feats.

Chad, who has performed at big venues such as *The Tonight Show* (and don't think he'll let you forget it), was clearly at home up on stage, with his shiny black boots and flamboyantly flaming shirt. His jokes, while not near as enjoyable as his chainsaw juggling, were refreshingly clean, and he ridiculed himself far more often than audience members.

Talk about props. While Chad *was* verbally entertaining, a mute who had Chad's props could've pulled this one off. Chainsaws, a giant unicycle, shot-puts, and silicon breast implants headed an impressive slew of obscure delights. The Mad-man knew it, too, and rare were the moments when there wasn't at least a toilet plunger in his hand. A sincere thanks must be extended to Tish Griffin and other student organizers for a job well done. Everything went smoothly and everyone left happy.

Scott's Party

Was this a bad hair day or what?! UAS staff surprise Scott Foster at his farewell party Jan. 31. Scott seemed to enjoy seeing his former colleagues make clowns of themselves.

**Pot continued from page 1**

a constitutional amendment.

Now don't get too excited, this doesn't mean you should run right out to frolic in your back yard flinging pot seeds to and fro. Though it does allow you to grow a plant or two in your closet and maybe carry a couple grams, most marijuana will still be bought and sold though the black market because any larger scale operations can still be penalized.

Another overlooked downside to marijuana legalization is that though you may have our local police force off your back, the feds could always come knocking. Even in California, where medical usage of marijuana is tolerated by state law, federal intervention brought down its heavy gavel onto several medical users who were otherwise protected by the state.

As you may know, there is a statewide operation afoot aimed at putting another marijuana legalization initiative on the ballot for 2004. They're working hard to address these federal issues and end marijuana prohibition. There has been no sign of the federal government intervening with Alaskan affairs as of yet. So until further notice, in our fair state the Ravin still flies *high*.



For more information and detailed court cases and laws visit www.freehempinak.org or drop by their office and visit them at 217 Seward Street across from Rainbow foods and Poseidon.

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Student Government

Student Government Profiles



Name: Kaci Hamilton

Position: Senator

Why did you join Student Government?

Because I think if I start small, in the little crevice organizations, I can enter the runnings to take over the world. That's right. My name is not Kaci, it's Brain!

What are your plans for Student Government this year?

To work with the legislative conference and be very incognito, so that I can attain world domination without people actually realizing it.

What is an issue that you firmly believe and why?

- Pro choice
- Freedom of Speech
- Children are our future; they are a priority
- Dictators Rock!

Why is voting important?

Because understanding leaders will not pull bull-shit strings and illegally get into office so that they can wage unnecessary wars on Iraq, North Korea and China. Stop allowing Morons to make your choices.



Name: Sean Smith

Position: Senator

Why did you join Student Government?

To be more involved with the university and to look out for the best interest of the students. I didn't think there was enough interest in the position and instead of letting the spot go vacant I decided I would fit nicely in the senator position.

What are your plans for Student Government this year?

To get more involved with activities and the students. I want to get more recycling involvement with the students. Also to get more volunteer work to continue to bridge the gap between the university and the community.

What is an issue that you firmly believe and why?

There needs to be some expanding on the housing facilities in order to accommodate more students. There is a NEED to do this in order to have UAS expand.

Why is voting important?

So you can complain. If you do not vote then you have no reason to complain because you didn't vote your opinion in the first place.

Recent Bills Passed by the Student Government

Compiled by Benjamin Nestler

1. \$1,000 has been allocated for the Legislative Affairs Fund this year. Once a year, student from all U of A campuses attend the Legislative Conference which is an opportunity for students to talk directly to the Alaska Legislature to advocate increased funding for the University system.
2. \$200 for the Student Government Retreat held last weekend.
3. \$2,000 for Recycling mugs to promote recycling on campus and to generate revenue.

Valentine continued from page 4

just couldn't help it.

"We open the door to the East," Heath intoned as he thunked three times with his staff. "The door to the East is open." *Thunk*

"Wwwaaaahhhh!!!" He groaned in tune to the circle.

"Eeecccssttttaaasssy....Eeeennneerrrrgggyyy..." the circled responded in a grand sway.

I started to crack up. I went inside before I burst out laughing. Heath had always been so gracious with me I didn't want to hurt his feelings.

Liberation is the sweetest relief, and there aren't enough greeting cards singing its praises. This year, be your own valentine.

Student Spotlight: Amber Wood A Real Live Cowgirl

By Kaci Hamilton

Whalesong Contributor

MOOOOO! The average person who heard this noise at 7 a.m. would exclaim, "Holy crab toes, Batman, is that a cow?!" But not Amber Wood. Yes, Ladies and Gentlemen, step right up, no cost to look. You will not believe your eyes, but what we are about to show you is quite real, quite human. Feast your ogglers on a true phenomenon: A real live cowgirl! Amber Wood is truly one of a dying breed in jeopardy of having her existence wiped out by big corporations; she is one of the few left who still go out there, bail the hay and round up the livestock. Born and Raised in North Dakota, she has spent the past five years working for the Farmers Livestock Exchange, a dairy barn that auctions off between 2000 and 4000 cattle in a day; and we're talking those super fast-pace rambling auctions, where the guy sounds like he's plugged in. Amber wouldn't trade having cow dung on her pants for that cute desk-job, no sir. In fact, she says it's quite rewarding to come home after a day of selling a record 4000 cows, get undressed and have, as she charmingly calls it, one of the cows' 'dumplings' fall out of her boot!

However, when she's not up to her ears in cattle excretion, she's really in the thick of things. On a weekend she'll be up at 4:00 a.m. bailing hay during the season. Or she may start the week off branding the fall calves in the spring. On another day she gets to move sheep from the livestock trailers to the barn for auction, which is real pain in the you-know-where. Being such dumb animals, once one runs the wrong way, the whole flock follows that one and she has to start the process all over again! But she loves it. "You want to get upset and scream," she says, "but when they run, their little ears flop around and they're so cute." The best is when Amber and the other cowboys crash at her boss' house during calving season. Normally they try to schedule the births in the spring, but when the bull gets a little too previous, they just have to make do. This means they have to be in the barn waiting to catch the calf as it comes out, so that it doesn't freeze to the ground! Veal anyone? Along with all the fun that comes along with chasing sheep on four-wheelers (sorry, the romantic girl-on-the-horse-with-the-lasso image isn't the case here) and catching newborn calves, there is some danger. This is not a job for the weak at heart. According to Amber, the best way to escape a charging cow is to run up a fence. Unfortunately, sometimes she's just not quick enough. On one occasion, she got into a little scuffle with a 2200 pound Charlais bull that wanted to take her lights out. He knocked her down and proceeded to roll her across the ground with his

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Review of “Working”

By Sarah Carter

The lights dimmed and the crowd grew silent. In the dark we saw the actors' figures scurrying to their places. My husband and I squeezed hands while waiting expectantly for the show to begin. It was our third Perseverance play. We were excited to absorb the cultural benefits of living in a town with such talent and dedication to the arts. Upbeat jazz music met our ears as the stage was revealed in a bath of colored light. The actors were dressed as people of the American community: a waitress in her pinafore, a fireman in turnout gear, a UPS delivery man in his brown suit, a cleaning woman with her duster, a supermarket checker with her apron. In unison they sang a song whose words called for somebody to notice, somebody to notice the work they did every day. Their collective voice asked for the notoriety that has come to be expected by America's younger generation; an “I” voice, rather than the “we”, or “us” that may have been present in the last century. Our society has become increasingly focused on the individual and “Working” reflects this social change.

The play is a series of interviews collected by Studs Terkel in the 1970's. Sharing their stories, the play acknowledges the lives of regular American people who don't normally get commended or recognized for their efforts. Their 9-5 schedules are dutifully carried out day after day without a “thank you” or a “gee, you're doing a great job.”

The updated references to cell phones, computers, and current issues made the play relevant to today's society. Traffic jams for instance are a reality of the American metropolitan lifestyle. People eat their breakfasts, comb their hair, do their makeup, and talk on their cell phones, all while driving to work at an ant's pace saying, “Damn, this traffic jam.”

“Working” shows there is a story to be told by each face you meet on the street. After the performance, we walked out into the rain feeling rejuvenated about humanity. There are unique stories that each person in our community can tell from their daily experiences.

At the same time, the play caused me to wonder about the collective unhappiness that seems to be prevalent in our society. People are specialized in their jobs. They do the same thing day after day. They feel locked into the working lifestyle because the bills must be paid. People feel trapped as their lives are wasted working for unappreciative bosses. The breath of fresh air seems to come only if dreams are kept close to their hearts and they are able to pass them on to their children. The last act, “Fathers and Sons” lends this hopeful, yet complicated message to America's future.

Go see “Working”! It runs until February 16. You'll feel especially proud when you recognize actors that are your friends, or you've seen them on campus or in the grocery store. We happened to know three of the actors. Seeing them perform on stage was a new environment for our relationships as well as a kick. I now have the utmost respect for their dedication. The immense effort they invest is admirable. They have spent months rehearsing, memorizing, and belting out their melodic chords for the benefit of us Juneauites. Way to go Chris, Jeremy, Beth, and all the other Perseverance staff that make it possible for us to enjoy such a great show.



Compiled by Joshua Edward

Ah, February: the days are getting longer, and love fills the air. What are your plans for **Valentine's Day**? Did you know that the Catholic church recognizes at least three different St. Valentines? The origins of the holiday itself are shrouded in mystery, though methinks it probably has at least as much to do with getting the greeting card industry through the lean spring months as anything, but heck, I'm just a big ol' cynic. Anyway, what will you do for your love on this special day? Necco hearts? Red lace? Perhaps he or she would enjoy the 3rd Annual Juneau Arts and Humanities Council **Wearable Arts Extravaganza**. This year's event will be at 7:30 p.m. on February 14th, at the ANB Hall downtown. Featuring a “runway show” and silent auction, it promises to be a night of wacky, wearable fun and a chance to buy your beau that duct tape tux he's always wanted.

Theater in the Rough will be presenting **The Complete Works of William Shakespeare (abridged)** starting Friday the 14th at McPhetres Hall, tickets available at Hearthside Books. The production will run through the end of the month, call for dates.

February is also **Black History Month**, so show your respect for diversity in our community by trotting on down to St. Ann's Parish Hall on Saturday the 15th for an “evening of entertainment,” in honor of Black History Month, from 4-8 p.m.

The 15th will also allow all you space cadets who forgot the big sweetheart's day a chance at romantic redemption: the “back room cinema” at the Silverbow will be showing “**Man and Woman**” at 8:00 p.m. The Oscar winning French film follows the romance of two recently widowed individuals.

In honor of February's “other” V-Day, Perseverance Theatre presents **The Vagina Monologues**, Eve Ensler's now classic rumination on gender, misogyny, and yes, vaginas. Centennial Hall, 7:00 p.m. The performance will benefit AWARE, so you really ought to attend! Tickets available at Perseverance, Hearthside Books, or AWARE.

Our very own University of Alaska kicks in their contributions to culture with the **UA Science for Alaska** lecture series at Centennial Hall. The events will be held on Mondays throughout February at 7:30 p.m., and will feature talks on the aurora borealis, volcanoes, and Alaska's salmon populations. Did I mention it's free? It is! Last but not least, Juneau Parks and Rec's **Treadwell Ice Arena** is now open to the public. With public skating five days a week, and rentals on site, you have no excuse not to turn an ankle and fall on yer bum. Call Juneau Parks and Rec, 586-5226 for details.

Preview

Wednesday, February 12 –
Snowboarding in SE Alaska, Mark Schultz, SAC 9 p.m.

Thursday, February 13 –
UAS Pride Day! Wear UAS insignia clothing or blue, silver, and white to show you pride at UAS!

Saturday, February 15 –
Banff Mountain Film Festival, Centennial Hall, 7 p.m. \$8 w/UAS ID, \$12 general

Sunday, February 16 –
Ice Skating at Treadwell Arena, 7:30-9:30 p.m., free admission. Skate rental \$2 or bring your own.

Sunday, February 16 –
The Vagina Monologues, Centennial Hall, 7 p.m. \$20 general admission. Tickets at

Hearthside Books,
Rainy Day Books, and
AWARE

Monday, February 17 and Wednesday, February 19 –
SAC Family Night, 6-7 p.m.

*The Whalesong
wishes everyone a happy
week!*



Voice on Campus Poll

Photos and quotes collected by Evelyn Cushing

What do you think about the new classroom addition?



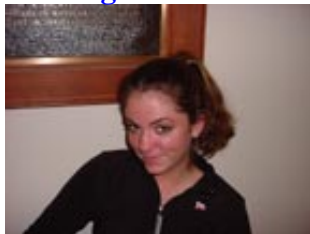
Beto Berg
"The automated
bathrooms are amazing"



Crandall Mark
"What, no coed stripper
lounge?"



Michael Isturis
"It's nice... and I like the
mocha stand."



Morgan Hopson
"I'm all about the tea and
the reclining chairs."



Tyler Eels
"It's a pain in the ass to walk up and
down those stairs to get to the downstairs
of the library."

Cowgirl continued from page 6

head. After shoving her between the barn wall and a gate, he somehow repeatedly managed to whack her body between the wall and the gate. Luckily, a concussion, a knocked-out tooth and a face that looked like she had been playing tonsil-hockey with a titanium bat, was all she really suffered. When Amber came to, all she saw were the fierce huffing and foot scraping of the 2200 lb bull in charge mode, and her boss Norbert running to her rescue. It was like a scene from a movie. She opted to superglue her cuts together, because hospitals freak her out. "Sometimes you just have to cowgirl up."

Every once in a while Amber wears two hats: cowgirl and hero. In December 2001, the first day for Christmas break, she got a call at home at 11:30 p.m., informing her that the Farmers Livestock Exchange was on fire and that she had to come help. Amber, along with 'her boys', managed to get all 250 cattle out of the barn and stayed around washing ash out of their eyes and calming them down. She worked over her break to help rebuild that barn, pouring cement and all, and it was up and running less than eight months later. "That barn is like a newborn baby to all of us," she says.

It's a tough job, and she gets hurt and frustrated, but she truly loves her animals. Cow pictures cover the walls of her room and apartment and she often gets distracted during astronomy homework if a cow calendar gets brought in the room! Though, she's getting her AA degree in Science, Amber probably has long career ahead in the cow business. She plans to get her B.A. in Range Management and work for the USDA as a Cattle Inspector. If you see this crazy girl around campus, stop her and ask about some of those unbelievable escapades. I know she has a ton of stories to tell.

The Best Album You Never Heard...

By Joshua Edward
Whalesong Staff

Review: "Melody A.M.," Röyksopp, 2002
Astralwerks

Hailing from the tiny Norwegian town of Tromsø, Tørbjorn Brundtland and Svein Berge (a.k.a Röyksopp) ought to give Alaskans something to aspire to. These darlings of the international jet-set crowd have proven that one needn't be based in London, Paris or Berlin in order to re-define the face of electronica- it can even be done from a tiny town situated well above the Artic Circle with only boats and planes providing an in or out (sound familiar anyone?). Beginning with the "throw your hands in the air" grooves of "So Easy," "Melody A.M." maintains a laid-back, beat heavy tone throughout. Plus, the Astralwerks US release features a bonus remix disc. Two for the price of one beats can't be beat! An excellent effort.

Why You Should
Buy This Album: At
the end of the day
we all want to be
considered
"international jet-
set"

Standout Tracks:
"Eple," "Remind Me (Someone Else's Mix)"
Sounds Like the Illegitimate Lovechild of: Burt
Bacharach and the Chemical Brothers



And All That Jazz

By Evelyn Cushing
Whalesong Staff

Review of *Chicago*, a movie directed and choreographed by Rob Marshall and based on the play by Maurine Dallas Watkins.

Apparently we're coming to a day and age when actors must actually be multi talented. Wow, they can sing and dance too! Actually, I was highly impressed with *Chicago*. Though not exactly deep or profound it was thoroughly entertaining on the not-just-a-chick-flick level. I couldn't help of course but to compare *Chicago* to *Moulin Rouge* the other singing, dancing, endeavor in our recent pop culture movie array. I actually found both singing and acting to be superior in quality and I really enjoyed the old sexy Chicago style.

The casting was excellent, Renee Zellweger and Katherine Zeta-Jones fit perfectly into their roles, and amazingly enough Richard Gere and John C. Reilly can actually sing. There were even had real singers like Queen Latifa, who was amazing, and there was even a guest appearance from Mya.

Zellweger and Zeta-Jones, play Roxie and Velma two Chicago women facing charges for separate murders. Though most of the story takes place in jail, it manages to be suprisingly light-hearted. Anyway, if you are looking for something to do and have \$8.50 to spare (Yeah, poor college kids, I know that's a joke) then seeing *Chicago* could be a fun way to spend your evening. When's the next time you're going to see well choreographed convicts dancing around in lingerie?



Now Hiring: Era
Helicopters

Era Helicopters is now hiring for the 2003 tourism season. Applicants should have excellent customer service skills, outgoing personality, professional appearance and feel comfortable in a fast paced environment. Positions available: dock representative, tour hosts, bus escorts, flight coordinators, drivers, gift shop sales and dog base lead. We offer competitive wages, seasonal bonus and lots of fun. All applicants must be 17 years of age. Please call 586-2030 for an application package.

Classifieds

Classified ads are \$ 8.00 for approximately 30 words. Words of emphasis (bold, italics) are an additional 30 cents per word. Ads run for one issue of the paper. Ads are free to UAS students for personal use. Contact Virginie at 465-6434, fax at 465-6399, or email whalesong@uas.alaska.edu to place an ad.

Student and community submissions are both welcomed and encouraged at The Whalesong. Send them to 11120 Glacier Hwy, Juneau, AK 99801, jywhale@uas.alaska.edu, by fax to (907) 465-6399, or bring them to Room 102, Mourant Bldg.